

# my sun

## Mas Kalif

Slowly turns the key of time  
In the lock of promises broken  
In mute silence of my space  
I crouch under my yearning  
Under my yearningThe works of my gods receding now  
Evade my grasping handsHer hair I would long to adorn  
With glowing stars  
Her brow with shining sun  
In silver I would trace  
The moonshine of her grace  
The shining onePerfection of the skies  
I knew and memories of my days  
Fade away beyond my reach  
And change to lonely nightsBut ever so slowly  
Turns the key of time  
In a rusty lock  
Of broken promises

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